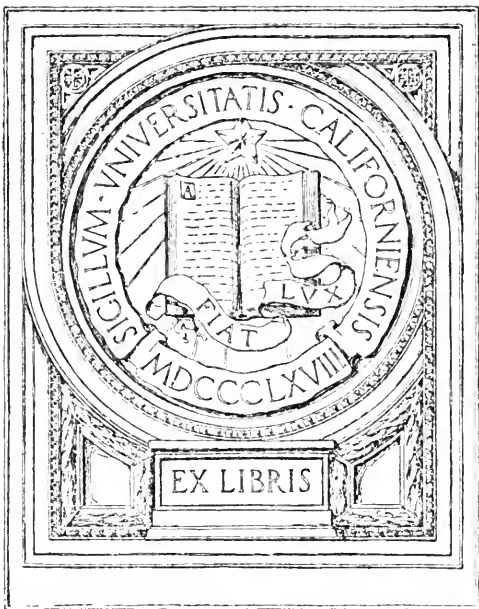


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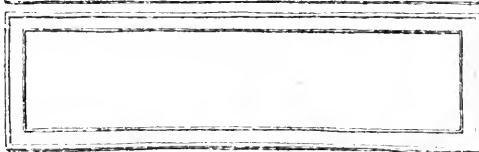


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*THE AUGUSTAN BOOKS OF
MODERN POETRY*

A RELIGIOUS
ANTHOLOGY

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The Augustan Books of English Poetry
(*Second Series*)
Edited by Humbert Wolfe

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NO. 1041
ANNOUNCED

PREFACE

ANTHOLOGIES are coming in for hard words; and religious anthologies have never had good ones. When that skilful anthologist, Mr. Norman Ault, remarked that an excellent selection of religious poetry *could* be made, I assented, having long been of that opinion; yet when I began to test my conviction, I almost agreed with another friend, Mr. Robert Graves, who says that there is no religious poetry in English. Certainly, a good deal of beautiful work that passes for religious is not deeply *religious*; it is ethical mainly, or descriptive of season and scenery. Poets who write in the Anglican tradition seem cursed with a prying busy-ness of intellect and a placidity of temperament; they are quaint and cunning and observant. English religious poetry, at its greatest, is Catholic or Puritan, often Nonconformist. Vaughan, the sublimest of the Anglican poets, is magnificent when philosophical, rather than when devotional. Christina Rossetti's lamentable fluency and facility were encouraged by the family habit of writing sonnets to *bouts-rimés*, and her religious verse is strewn grotesquely with lines ending in *rod, clod, sod*—to rhyme with *God*. Two or three well-known pieces apart—and those impressive for their imaginative melancholy, rather than their religious feeling—her secular poems far surpass her devotional.

A great deal of fine religious poetry is, at root, just egoism treated with imagination and emotion. Intense loneliness cannot be the main residuum, if a man has really lost his soul, to save it. I have drawn sparingly on such poetry. Hymns, too, have been left out, though some are noble poetry and noble religion.

Women, as everyone knows, have not equalled men in poetry; but, of five poems in this book which seem to me sublime beyond all praise, four are by women, as well as other pieces not much inferior. A great part of this

anthology has appeared in no previous one. Every anthology should justify itself by bringing forward at least one first-rate poem unknown before; I suggest that this anthology justifies itself by *The Enlightener*.

Thanks are due to Mr. Wilfred Meynell, for poems by Francis Thompson and Mrs. Alice Meynell; to Colonel John Murray, D.S.O., Mrs. Leaf, and Mr. Horatio Brown for J. A. Symonds's version of four lines from the Greek to Mrs. Stuart-Moore, for *Immanence*; to Miss Earp, for Miss Lily Dougall's *Dies Oritur*; to Mr. William Canton to Dr. and Mrs. Robert Bridges, for Miss Elizabeth Bridges's *John Baptist*; to Dr. Bridges and Messrs. Longmans, for the former's translation of a Persian poem to Mrs. Taylor, for use of *The Doorkeeper*; to Mrs. Bridges, for selecting a poem by George Herbert; to Dr. R. A. Nicholson and the Syndics of the Cambridge University Press, for the former's version of a poem by Jalal 'ud-Din; to Messrs. Macmillan, for T. E. Brown's *Exile* and Tagore's version of a poem by Kabir. If any rights have been overlooked, it is from ignorance or inadvertency, and I ask forgiveness.

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O God! if I worship Thee for fear of Hell, send me to Hell; and if I worship Thee in hopes of Paradise, withhold Paradise from me; but if I worship Thee for Thine own sake, then withhold not from me the Eternal Beauty.

Give to Thine enemies whatever Thou hast assigned to me of this world's goods, and to Thy friends whatever Thou hast assigned to me in the Life of the Hereafter, for Thou Thyself art sufficient for me.

*Sayings of RABI'A AL-'ADAWIYYA, a Sufi woman
mystic of Persia (eighth century A.D.);
translated by Dr. Edward G. Browne.*

*Cleanthes' Prayer*¹

LEAD Thou me God, Law, Reason, Motion, Life!
All names for Thee alike are vain and hollow.
Lead me—for I will follow without strife;
Or if I strive still must I blindly follow.

*John Baptist*²

MY home
The shimmery-bounded glare,
The gazing fire-hung dome
Of scorching air.

My rest
To wander trembling-weak,
On vague hunger-quest
New hope to seek.

For friend
The dazzling breathing dream,
The strength at last to find
Of Glory Supreme.

*Beneath the Canopy of the Skies*³

BENEATH the canopy of the skies roam I night
and day :
My home is in the desert by night and day.
No sickness troubleth me nor silent pain tormenteth;
One thing I know, that I sorrow night and day.

Homeless am I, O Lord : whither shall I turn?
A wanderer in the desert, whither shall I turn?
I come to Thee at last, driven from every threshold;
And if Thy door be closed, whither shall I turn?

Blessèd are they who live in sight of Thee,
Who speak with Thee, O Lord, and dwell with Thee.
Faint are my limbs, and my heart is fearful;
Humbly I sit with those who are dear to Thee.

Drunk tho' we be with pleasure, Thou art our Faith;
Helpless, without hand or foot, Thou art our Faith;
Whether we be Nazarenes, Mussalmans or Gebres,
Whatsoe'er our creed, Thou art our Faith.

Exile⁴

IN sorrow and in nakedness of soul
I look into the street,
 If haply there mine eye may meet,
As up and down it ranges,
The servants of my Father bearing changes
 Of raiment sweet—
Seven changes sweet with violet and moly,
Seven changes pure and holy.

But nowhere 'mid the thick entangled throng
 Mark I their proud sad paces;
 Nowhere the light upon their faces,
Serene with that great beauty
Wherein the singly meditated duty
 Its empire traces :—
Only the fretful merchants stand and cry :—
“Come buy! come buy! come buy!”

And the big bales are drunk with all the purple
 That wells in vats of Tyre,
 And unrolled damasks stream with golden fire
And broideries of Ind,
And, piled on Polar furs, are braveries wonned
 From far Gadire.
And I am waiting, abject, cold, and numb,
Yet sure that they will come.

O naked soul, be patient in this stead!
Thrice blest are they that wait.
O Father of my soul, the gate
Will open soon, and they
Who minister to Thee and Thine away
Will enter straight,
And speak to me, that I shall understand
The speech of Thy great land.

And I will rise, and wash, and they will dress me
As Thou wouldst have me dressed;
And I shall stand confest
Thy son; and men shall falter :—
“Behold the ephod of the unseen altar!
O God-Possessed!
Thy raiment is not from the looms of earth,
But has a Heavenly birth.”

Saint John the Baptist⁵

FOR quick and fitfully with feast and song
Men make a tumult round them, and console
With sudden sport a momentary woe;
But if thou take one hence, and set him down
In some strange jeopardy on enormous hills,
Or swimming at night alone upon the sea,
His lesser life falls from him, and the dream
Is broken which had held him unaware,
And with a shudder he feels his naked soul
In the great black world face to face with God.

This also for that miserable man
Is a worse trouble than his heart can know,
That in the strait and sodden ways of sin
He has made him alien to the plenteous day,
Cut off from friendliness with woods that wave

And happy pasture and carousing sea,
And whatsoever loving things enjoy
Simply the kind simplicity of God.
For these are teachers; not in vain His seers
Have dwelt in solitudes and known that God
High up in open silence and thin air
More presently reveals Him, having set
His chiefest temples on the mountain-tops,
His kindling altar in the hearts of men.

And these I knew with peace and lost with pain,
And oft for whistling wind and desert air
Lamented, and in dreams was my desire
For the flood Jordan, for the running sound
And broken glitters of the midnight moon.
But now all this fades from me, and the life
Of prophecy, and summers that I knew.
Yea, and though once I looked on many men
And spake them sweet and bitter speech, and heard
Such secrets as a tempest of the soul
Once in a lifetime washes black and bare
From desperate recesses of shut sin,
Yet all is quite forgotten, and to-day
From the strange past no sign remains with me
But simple and tremendous memories
Of morning and of even and of God.

Ah me, ah me, for if a man desire
Gold or great wealth or marriage with a maid
How easily he wins her, having served
Seven years perchance, and counting that for gain;
But whoso wants God only and lets life go,
Seeks Him with sorrow, and pursues Him far,
And finds Him weeping, and in no long time
Again the High and Unapproachable
Evanishing escapeth, and that man
Forgets the life and struggle of the soul,
Falls from his hope, and dreams it was a dream.

Yet back again perforce with sorrow and shame
Who once hath known Him must return, nor long
Can cease from loving, nor endures alone
The dreadful interspace of dreams and day,
Once quick with God; nor is content as those
Who look into each other's eyes and seek
To find one strong enough to uphold the earth,
Or sweet enough to make it heaven: aha,
Whom seek they or whom find? for in all the world
There is none but Thee, my God, there is none but Thee.

And this it is that links together as one
The sad continual companies of men;
Not that the old earth stands, and Ararat
Endureth, and Euphrates till to-day
Remembers where God walked beside the stream;
Nay, rather that souls weary and hearts afire
Have everywhere besought Him, everywhere
Have found and found Him not; and age to age,
Though all else pass and fail, delivereth
At least the great tradition of their God.

*The Enlightener*⁶

O WHO is this, enwrapped in brooding night,
Lies lulled asleep, yet momentarily apart
Rends the black vapours of His seat, man's heart,
And thrills the dark with splendour, like the light
Of holy dawn's far-rolling chariot bright?

Who, risen out of sleep, with pitying gaze
Looks on the senseless comrade at His side,
A prisoner in death's meshes trapped and tied?
Then—He, the passionless!—from that amaze
Springs, with redeeming passion set ablaze!

He stoops, and with those burning lips, whose kiss
Enlightenment and strength and hallowing gives,
Startles the sleeping form. The dead one lives!—
In love incessant, active, Who is this
That makes the awakened drink of life and bliss?

Unwearied, but without desire!
Insatiate, but without the gnawing fire
Of hunger, Him the world's vain mask enthralls not;
The phantom noise of its illusion calls not.
In Him no parts are found;
No body locks Him round.
He by compulsion draws none; nay, nor one
That seeketh Him would shun.
Opposing none, resisting none, He still
Bears gifts for whoso will;
In life on life the Eternal Witness stands,
Enlightenment and freedom in His hands!

*Immanence*⁷

I COME in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
Not borne on morning wings
Of majesty, but I have set My Feet
Amidst the delicate and bladed wheat
That springs triumphant in the furrowed sod.
There do I dwell, in weakness and in power;
Not broken or divided, saith our God!
In your strait garden plot I come to flower :
About your porch My Vine
Meek, fruitful, doth entwine;
Waits, at the threshold, Love's appointed hour.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
Yea! on the glancing wings
Of eager birds, the softly pattering feet
Of furred and gentle beasts, I come to meet
Your hard and wayward heart. In brown bright eyes
That peep from out the brake, I stand confest.
On every nest
Where feathery Patience is content to brood
And leaves her pleasure for the high emprise
Of motherhood—
There doth My Godhead rest.

I come in the little things,
Saith the Lord :
My starry wings
I do forsake,
Love's highway of humility to take :
Meekly I fit my stature to your need.
In beggar's part
About your gates I shall not cease to plead—
As man, to speak with man—
Till by such art
I shall achieve My Immemorial Plan,
Pass the low lintel of the human heart.

*The Kingdom of God*⁸

"In no Strange Land"

O WORLD invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars!
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched between Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yes, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems;
And lo, Christ walking on the water
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

*The Call*⁹

I WALKED with one whose child had lately died.
We passed the little folk i' the street at play,
When suddenly a clear voice "Father!" cried;
The man turned quick and glad; sighed; moved
away.

I spoke not, but 'twas given me to discern
The love that watches through th' eternal years;
God surely must so start and quickly turn
Whene'er the cry of "Father" strikes His ears.

*Hymn Before Tara*¹⁰

I BIND unto myself to-day
The strong Name of the Trinity,
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One and One in Three.
I bind this day to me for ever,
By power of faith, Christ's incarnation;
His baptism in Jordan river;
His death on cross for my salvation;
His bursting from the spiced tomb;
His riding up the heavenly way;
His coming at the day of doom;
I bind unto myself to-day.

I bind unto myself the power
Of the great love of Cherubim;
The sweet "Well done" in judgment hour;
The service of the Seraphim,
Confessors' faith, Apostles' word,
The Patriarchs' prayers, the Prophets' scrolls,
All good deeds done unto the Lord,
And purity of virgin souls.

I bind unto myself to-day
The virtues of the star-lit heaven,
The glorious sun's life-giving ray,
The whiteness of the moon at even,
The flashing of the lightning free,
The whirling wind's tempestuous shocks,
The stable earth, the deep salt sea,
Around the old eternal rocks.

I bind unto myself to-day
The power of God to hold and lead,
His eye to watch, His might to stay,
His ear to hearken to my need.
The wisdom of my God to teach,
His hand to guide, His shield to ward;
The Word of God to give me speech,
His heavenly host to be my guard.

Against the demon snares of sin,
The vice that gives temptation force,
The natural lusts that war within,
The hostile men that mar my course;
Or few or many, far or nigh,
In every place, and in all hours,
Against their fierce hostility,
I bind to me these holy powers.

Against all Satan's spells and wiles,
Against false words of heresy,
Against the knowledge that defiles,
Against the heart's idolatry,
Against the wizard's evil craft,
Against the death-wound and the burning,
The choking wave, the poisoned shaft,
Protect me, Christ, till Thy returning.

Christ be with me, Christ within me,
Christ behind me, Christ before me,
Christ beside me, Christ to win me,
Christ to comfort and restore me,
Christ beneath me, Christ above me,
Christ in quiet, Christ in danger,
Christ in hearts of all that love me,
Christ in mouth of friend and stranger.

I bind unto myself the Name,
The strong Name of the Trinity;
By invocation of the same,
The Three in One, and One in Three.
Of Whom all nature hath creation;
Eternal Father, Spirit, Word:
Praise to the Lord of my salvation,
Salvation is of Christ the Lord!

*Letter and Spirit*¹¹

THE letter fails, and systems fall,
And every symbol wanes;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love remains.

And not for signs in heaven above
Or earth below they look,
Who know with John His smile of love,
With Peter His rebuke.

In joy of inward peace, or sense
Of sorrow over sin,
He is His own best evidence,
His witness is within.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

Through Him the first fond prayers are said
Our lips of childhood frame,
The last low whispers of our dead
Are burdened with His name.

*Christ in the Universe*¹²

WITH this ambiguous earth
His dealings have been told us. These abide :
The signal to a maid, the human birth,
The lesson, and the young Man crucified.

But not a star of all
The innumerable host of stars has heard
How He administered this terrestrial ball.
Our race have kept their Lord's entrusted Word.

Of His earth-visiting feet
None knows the secret, cherished, perilous,
The terrible, shamefast, frightened, whispered, sweet,
Heart-shattering secret of His way with us.

No planet knows that this
Our wayside planet, carrying land and wave,
Love and life multiplied, and pain and bliss,
Bears, as chief treasure, one forsaken grave.

Nor, in our little day,
May His devices with the heavens be guessed,
His pilgrimage to thread the Milky Way
Or His bestowals there be manifest.

But in the eternities,
Doubtless we shall compare together, hear
A million alien Gospels, in what guise
He trod the Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear.

O, be prepared, my soul!
To read the inconceivable, to scan
The million forms of God those stars unroll
When, in our turn, we show to them a Man.

*Renunciation*¹³

LEAVE me, O Love, which reachest but to dust;
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams, and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be;
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light,
That doth both shine, and give us sight to see.
O take fast hold; let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death,
And think how ill becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven, and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world; thy uttermost I see:
Eternal Love, maintain thy life in me!

*Never Weather-Beaten Sail*¹⁴

NEVER weather-beaten sail more willing bent to shore,
Never tired pilgrim's limbs affected slumber more,
Than my wearied sprite now longs to fly out of my troubled
breast.

O come quickly, sweetest Lord, and take my soul to rest!

Ever blooming are the joys of Heaven's high Paradise,
Cold age deafs not there our ears nor vapour dims our
eyes:

Glory there the sun outshines, whose beams the Blessed
only see.

O come quickly, glorious Lord, and raise my sprite to
Thee!

*The Dawning*¹⁵

AT what time wilt Thou come? When shall
that cry

"The Bridegroom's coming!" fill the sky?

Shall it in the evening run,

When our words and works are done?

Or will Thy all-surprising light

Break at midnight,

When either sleep, or some dark pleasure

Possesseth mad man without measure?

Or shall these early, fragrant hours

Unlock Thy bowers?

And with their blush of light descry

Thy locks crowned with eternity?

Indeed, it is the only time

That with Thy glory doth best chime!

All now are stirring, every field

Full hymns doth yield;

The whole creation shakes off night,
And for Thy shadow looks, the light.
Stars now vanish without number,
Sleepy planets set and slumber,
The pury clouds disband and scatter,
All expect some sudden matter!
Not one beam triumphs, but from far
That morning-star.

O at what time soever Thou,
Unknown to us, the heavens wilt bow,
And with Thy angels in the van
Descend to judge poor careless man,
Grant I may not like puddle lie
In a corrupt security,
Where, if a traveller water crave,
He finds it dead, and in a grave;
But, as this restless, vocal spring
All day and night doth run and sing,
And, though here born, yet is acquainted
Elsewhere, and flowing keeps untainted;
So let me all my busy age
In Thy free services engage;
And though—while here—of force I must
Have commerce sometimes with poor dust,
And in my flesh, though vile and low,
(As this doth in her channel flow),
Yet let my course, my aim, my love,
And chief acquaintance be above.
So when that day and hour shall come,
In which Thy Self will be the sun,
Thou'lt find me dressed and on my way,
Watching the break of Thy great day.

*The Doorkeeper*¹⁶

TO keep God's door—
I am not fit.

I would not ask for more
Than this—

To stand or sit
Upon the threshold of God's House
Out of the reach of sin,
To open wide His door
To those who come,
To welcome Home
His children and His poor :
To wait and watch
The gladness on the face of those
That are within :
Sometimes to catch
A glimpse or trace of those
I love the best, and know
That all I failed to be,
And all I failed to do,
Has not sufficed
To bar them from the Tree
Of Life, the Paradise of God,
The Face of Christ.

*Man's Medley*¹⁷

HARK, how the birds do sing,
And woods do ring.
All creatures have their joy : and man hath his.
Yet if we rightly measure,
Man's joy and pleasure
Rather hereafter, than in present, is.

To this life things of sense
 Make their pretence :
In th' other Angels have a right by birth :
 Man ties them both alone,
 And makes them one,
With th' one hand touching heaven, with th' other earth.

 In soul he mounts and flies,
 In flesh he dies.
He wears a stuff whose thread is coarse and round,
 But trimmed with curious lace,
 And should take place
After the trimming, not the stuff and ground.

 Not that he may not here
 Taste of the cheer,
But, as birds drink and straight lift up their head,
 So must he sip and think
 Of better drink
He may attain to, after he is dead.

 But, as his joys are double,
 So is his trouble;
He hath two winters, other things but one.
 Both frosts and thoughts do nip,
 And bite his lip;
And he of all things fears two deaths alone.

 Yet even the greatest griefs
 May be reliefs,
Could he but take them right, and in their ways.
 Happy is he whose heart
 Hath found the art
To turn his double pains to double praise!

*Anticipation of the Judgment*¹⁸

AT the round earth's imagined corners blow
Your trumpets, angels, and arise, arise
From death, you numberless infinities
Of souls, and to your scattered bodies go;
All whom the flood did, and fire shall o'erthrow,
All whom war, death, age, agues, tyrannies,
Despair, law, chance hath slain, and you, whose eyes
Shall behold God, and never taste death's woe.
But let them sleep, Lord, and me mourn a space;
For, if above all these my sins abound,
'Tis late to ask abundance of Thy grace,
When we are there. Here on this lowly ground,
Teach me how to repent, for that's as good
As if Thou hadst sealed my pardon with Thy blood.

*A Song of Kabir*¹⁹

OFRIEND! hope for Him whilst you live, know
whilst you live, understand whilst you live :
For in life deliverance abides.

If your bonds be not broken whilst living,
What hope of deliverance in death?

It is but an empty dream that the soul shall have union
with Him, because it has passed from the body.

If He is found now, He is found then :

If not, we do but go to dwell in the City of Death.

If you have union now, you shall have it hereafter.

Bathe in the truth, know the true Guru : have faith in the
true Name!

Kabir says : It is the Spirit of the quest which helps :
I am the slave of this' Spirit of the quest.

*The Companion of the Grave*²⁰

LOOK on Me, for thou art My companion in the grave,
On the night when thou shalt pass from shop and dwelling.

Thou shalt hear My hail in the hollow of the tomb: it shall become known to thee

That thou wast never concealed from Mine eye.

I am as reason and intellect within thy bosom

At the time of joy and gladness, at the time of sorrow and distress.

O strange night when thou hear'st the well-known voice,
Scap'st from the stroke of asp, and leap'st from the horror of ant!

Love's intoxication will bring to thy grave, as a gift,

Wine and mistress and candle and meats and sweets and incense.

In the hour when the intellectual lamp is lighted,

What a pæan goes up from the dead men in the tombs!

The earth of the graveyard is confounded by their cries,

By the din of the drums of resurrection, by the pomp of rising from the dead.

They have rent their shrouds, they have pressed tight their two ears in terror;

What is brain and ear before the blast of the trumpet?

*Dominus Illuminatio Mea*²¹

IN the hour of death, after this life's whim,
When the heart beats low, and the eyes grow dim
And pain has exhausted every limb—

The lover of the Lord shall trust in Him.

When the will has forgotten the lifelong aim,
And the mind can only disgrace its fame,
And a man is uncertain of his own name—

The power of the Lord shall fill this frame.

When the last sigh is heaved, and the last tear shed,
And the coffin is waiting beside the bed,
And widow and child forsake the dead—
The angel of the Lord shall lift this head.

For even the purest delight may pall,
And power must fail, and the pride must fall,
And the love of the dearest friends grow small—
But the glory of the Lord is all in all.

*Dies Oritur*²²

GRANT beauty to our dead,
And human care, and smiles;
Oh, may they, having passed the hour of dread,
Be cheered by homelike wiles!

Temper the winds of truth
By love in earth-born guise;
Grant that the fairest fancies of their youth
Urge them to fresh emprise!

Lord of the quick, permit
That friends and mirth be theirs,
That in the joy of converse free, and wit,
They learn new tears and prayers.

Christ of the inward grace,
Both near and far Thou art,
Death is no portal of Thy hiding-place;
Oh may our dead fare forth at quicker pace,
Thy sunrise in the heart.

*Lazarus*²³

WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
And home to Mary's house returned,
Was this demanded—if he yearned
To hear her weeping by his grave?
“Where wert thou, brother, those four days?”
There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.

From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were filled with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crowned
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unrevealed;
He told it not; or something sealed
The lips of that Evangelist.

* * * * *

Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And He that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from her living brother's face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.

*Last Lines*²⁴

NO coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere :
I see Heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life—that in me has rest,
As I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts : unutterably vain ;
Worthless as wither'd weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
So surely anchor'd on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy Spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou wert left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroy'd.

*A Prayer of Moses the Man of God*²⁵

LORD, Thou hast been our dwelling place in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth, or ever Thou hadst formed the earth and the world, even from everlasting to everlasting, Thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction; and sayest, Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in Thy sight are but as yesterday when it is past, and as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood; they are as a sleep; in the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth, and groweth up; in the evening it is cut down, and withereth.

For we are consumed by Thine anger, and by Thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before Thee, our secret sins in the light of Thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in Thy wrath; we spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow; for it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of Thine anger? even according to Thy fear, so is Thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long? and let it repent Thee concerning Thy servants.

O satisfy us early with Thy mercy; that we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein Thou hast afflicted us, and the years wherein we have seen evil.

Let Thy work appear unto Thy servants, and Thy glory unto their children.

And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us: and establish Thou the work of our hands upon us; yea, the work of our hands, establish Thou it.

NOTES

¹ From Cleanthes, whose work, some think, was the source of St. Paul's quotation on Areopagus: "As certain of your own poets also have said, For we are His offspring." Translated by John Addington Symonds; inscribed on his grave.

² Elizabeth Bridges.

³ Translated by Robert Bridges, and printed in *The Spirit of Man*. By Tahir, the Persian mystic.

⁴ T. E. Brown.

⁵ Part of F. W. H. Myers's *John the Baptist*, first printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, January, 1869.

⁶ By Sarojubala Dasgupta, a living Bengali poetess. Translated by E. T., who supplied the title. The piece is two separate poems in the Bengali, occurring in different parts of the poetess's *Passing of Spring*, a prose rhapsody; the second piece is the reply to the first. The reader interested in such things will note the astounding fusion of Vedantist and Christian thought, the mingling of God the Passionless and God the Redeemer.

⁷ Evelyn Underhill.

⁸ Francis Thompson. Mr. Wilfred Meynell's note is too beautiful and famous to be omitted: "In these triumphing stanzas he held in retrospect those days and nights of human dereliction he spent beside London's River, and in the shadow—but all radiance to him—of Charing Cross."

⁹ William Canton.

¹⁰ St. Patrick's "Binding Hymn"; translated by Mrs. Alexander.

¹¹ Whittier; part of *Our Master*.

¹² Alice Meynell.

¹³ Sir Philip Sidney.

¹⁴ Thomas Campion.

¹⁵ Henry Vaughan, Silurist.

¹⁶ John William Taylor. The author of the poem was a distinguished physician.

¹⁷ George Herbert.

¹⁸ John Donne.

¹⁹ By Kabir, the Hindu-Mahommedan mystic; translated by Rabindranath Tagore and Evelyn Underhill.

²⁰ Jalal 'ud-Din, from the *Shams-i-Tabriz*; translated by Dr. R. A. Nicholson. "The wine and mistress and candle and meats and sweets and incense" are spiritual symbols, as the concluding part of this poem (omitted) makes clear, even if the reader does not understand Sufi phrasing.

²¹ R. D. Blackmore. In a dream, Blackmore saw again the funeral of an old friend, and when he awoke remembered the hymn that the mourners sang—this one. Sending it to a magazine, he refused to print his name or to take any payment for it.

²² Lily Dougall, well-known for her theological studies and for the Cumnor conferences at her house, in which modernists from many different churches took part. This poem is: "In Memory, S. G. D."

²³ Tennyson, *In Memoriam*.

²⁴ Emily Bronte.

²⁵ Psalm xc.

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